H. Buckler

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FROM THE JOURNAL OF COMMERCE.

Daniel Boone.

'Of all men, saving Scylla, the manslayer,
Who passes for, in life or death most lucky,—
Of the great names that in our faces stare,
The General Boone, backwoodsman of Kentucky,
Was happiest among mortals any where,
For killing nothing but a bear or a buck, he
Enjoyed the lonely, vigorous, harmless days
Of his old age in wilds of deepest maze.'

BYRON.

When stories are related over a winter's fire, in that considerable portion of our planet called the Mississippi Valley, no name is more familiar, or will ever be in the narrator's lips, than that of Boone. It has not yet gathered half its fame. There is nothing like it in history: the same Backwoodsman should be ranked above Romulus or any other founder to which nations look with reference.

He was born near Bristol in Pennsylvania in 1746—but afterwards lived at Reading, till, at the age of 13, he removed with his father to the Valley of Yadkin, in North Carolina.

The sports of the boy denoted the pursuits of the man; and as soon as he could poise a gun, he waged exterminating war upon the squirrels, raccoons and wild cats. In this he was pre-eminant above all boys of his age. He loved not the imprisonment of a school, though he acquired the rudiments of a common education,

'The tedious day of study spent,
The heavy moulded lecture done,
He to the woods a hunting went,
But sighed to see the setting sun.'

His passion was for the woods, and a tree looked to him like a friend. He had that best of followers, a dog, and that questionable friend a gun. With them he passed his days in the forest. On his first long absence, when scarcely fourteen, the neighbors sympathising with the alarmed family turned out for a search; for it was feared that 'an evil beast had devoured him.'—After a long and weary hunt, they discovered at the distance of a league from any plantation, a cabin of sods and branches, a comfortable hut that would have commanded the respect of Robinson Crusoe. It was somewhat covered with skins of wild beasts and garnished with trophies of the sylvan chase. A joint of game was roasting at the fire. Here they found the juvenile Nimrod, who at that green age, was a hunter of wolves, bears and panthers. It is recorded of him that being in the woods of Pennsylvania with other boys, they heard close at hand the harsh and formidable scream of the panther. All retreated but Boone, whose coolness never deserted him. The animal was near and crouching in the attitude to spring; when Boone lodged a bullet in his heart. These encounters were to his taste.

——The blood more stirs,
To rouse a lion than to start a hare,
Opat aprum aut fulvum descendere monte conem.

But, he had contributed, not his mite, but his talent, towards creating a scarcity of game, and he was gratified when his father carried the household penates to the wilderness, for such was the residence on the Yadkin.

The removal patriarchial procession. The old man carried wife, children, servant, flocks and herds. The whole family loved retirement and disliked to live in houses with bolts and locks. To Daniel was assigned the venatic department, and he discharged its duties faithfully, but he had no esteem for an axe or a plough. The farm indeed prospered, but there was more venison than beef.

These were golden days for Boone, but his success attracted other settlers, who came 'cranking in,' and he saw the smoke of other cabins, and that was harder he heard the sound of falling trees. This sylvan life was not unfavourable to the deyelopement of the kindly affections, which were strong in Boone.

The origin of his courtship was characteristic. He was one night engaged in a *fire hunt* with a comrade, in which the deer is betrayed by the gleaming of his eyes.—Near to the house of a farmer named Bryan, they beheld the light reflected from two eyes, and Boone held his rifle in readiness, but the proprietor of the eyes' fled to the house, and Boone found in this pretty maiden of sixteen, for it was Rebecca Bryan, a devoted wife that willingly shared in his future dangers.

When he was married he sought a deeper solitude on the head waters of the Yadkin, and his wife went cheerfully to this unsettled wilderness. Men change their abode for interest or caprice; women from affection—*non animum mutant*. They had soon ample means for comfort and hospitality; the arrival of a stranger was a happy time, for in the forest men have not, as in towns, ceremony, distrust, rivalry, jealousy, or party feeling. As it pleases an Italian or a German to meet a mere countryman in exile, so in the wilderness it gratifies man to meet with man.

But improvement sprung up as if by magic around the retreat of Boone, there were roads, villages, motes, bounds, laws and lawyers. He resolved to quit them all, and to dive deeper into the wilds. To escape all those evils it was necessary to interpose the barrier of the Allegheny Mountains. A few hunters and others had brought back golden reports of the western regions which excited every imagination, but fell irresistibly upon Boone's. But no description could exceed the beauty of magnificence of the west. Whatever was grand in mountains, or beautiful in rivers, and vegetation, was there. The caverns under the earth had the extent of the largest cities, and ran beneath navigable rivers. There were in the rock, footsteps of men, horses, and other animals as distinct as if made in snow. The animals' remains were prodigious in size. The streams in some places ran through limestone walls of 400 feet. It was a terrestrial paradise to which all the animals which gave their names in Eden, seemed gathered. It was a country of warriors: and happy, thrice happy were the first explorers. Among these, was Finley, who, on his return to North Carolina, found a kindred spirit in Boone. They were too much pleased with each other to part for the winter, and Finley was the guest of Boone till they had matured a plan for occupying Kentucky in the Spring.

On the first of May then in 1769, the two leaders, with four followers, all men bolder than the Argonauts, assembled, and the neighbors met to witness their departure. The adventurers had each a rifle, ammunition and a knapsack. Tears filled the eyes of honest Daniel as he turned from the door, for he was as kind affectionate as brave and persevering. The peot has called him the "Man of Ross, run wild."

Having crossed the wooded ridges, they stood on the western declivity of the Cumberland mountain—What a scene! an interminable extent of wood, river and prairie, without inhabitants, for it was the hunting ground, not the abode of the Indians. When Boone was thus retreating from society, it could not have occurred to him even as possibility, that in halt a century, this country would have four millions of inhabitants of which he was the pioneer, and that the water would be navigable by more than 200 large vessels. It is not easy to realise these changes after they have happened; but none surely would have predicted them.

The adventurers were at the foot of the mountain upon a herd of buffaloes—*nullo custode*, unappropriated flocks of thousands. These passed on, with the force of a current, and the travellers were in imminent danger of being crushed. Finley, however, was no novice, but a hunter fit to stand by Nimrod and 'give directions,' lodged a bullet between the horns of an unwieldly bull, one of the leaders of the column. He fell, and those near him stopped. This created confusion with the mass behind, which however pressed onward, opening where the fallen buffalo lay, and this opening widened as the two masses of animals passed onwards, giving a space for the hunters—As the last division thundered by, Boone exclaimed 'Job of Uz had not larger droves of cattle than ours.'

They had successful hunting; and collected many peltries, without having met during the summer, a single Indian. So passed their time till near the close of the year. But in a subsequent exploring expedition, Boone and Stewart were captured by a party of Indians, who sprang upon them from a cane brake. Both the captives understood the advantage of appearing unconcerned, and they marched with at least cheerful countenances. They gave ascendancy to the advice of those among the Indians who were for sparing life, and, deceived by the apparent contempt of the captives, vigilance, was remitted on the part of the Indians, but none was wanting on the side of the prisoners. On the seventh night the savages having fed plentifully before a great fire, fell into a deep slumber. But Boone and his companion were not drowsy. Boone raised himself to a sitting posture, looking round to see if his motion had been observed. An Indian turned in his sleep, and Boone fell to his recumbent posture. After a quarter of an hour, he sat up again, and had some silent communication with Stewart, who without waking any one, had got upon his feet. They retired from the circle of sleepers, and were lucky enough to get their rifles from the place where stood. Then they stole silently into the woods. This was at dawn, and at night they were at their camp. They saw forms approaching, who on being challenged, answered, 'white men and friends,' and Boone found in the strangers his brother and a companion who had just arrived from the Yadkin.

They pursued their occupation of hunting. but were aware that the Indians were in the neighborhood. Stewart was killed by them, by the side of Boone, who retreated amid a shower of arrows. The companion of his brother was also killed, probably by wolves, and the brothers were left alone. After living a while together, ammunition began to fail them and it was settled that Daniel should remain, (the only white man in the wilderness) while his brother returned for necessary supplies. Their only dog went with the departing brother.

Boone soon after made a long journey in the North-west, in which for the first time he beheld the pleasant Ohio. Returning to his cabin he found undisturbed by Indians. He however often changed his quarters, from caution, sleeping sometimes in the cane brake or under a limestone cliff. He frequently found that his cabin had been visited by unwelcome intruders during his absence. Yet he used to affirm that this period was the happiest in his life.

But it had many dangers one day as he rested in one of his excursions under the shade of a tree, he perceived four Indians advancing openly as though they had not discovered him. As four to one was too great odds even for him, he forthwith gained the shelter of the woods; —but after having gone two miles, he perceived that he was pursued. His pursuers foiled all his tacks and feints, though it seemed that they had not yet seen him. At last he swung himself on a grape vine that was suspended from a tree, and thus made a trail. His next danger was from a ferocious she bear, which came upon him, but was killed by a thrust of his knife.

In due time his brother returned, mounted on one horse, and leading another heavily laden. After a short time it was determined that both should return to North Carolina, for the family and other settlers, that would make the residence secure. On the second day of of his journey, Boone shot a panther upon the back of a buffalo where he was fastened by his teeth and claws.—Four or five families lies joined them in North Carolina, and the cavalcade set forth late in September 1773. In Powell's Valley 40 persons more came in, who raised the number of emigrants to nearly 80 persons.

On the west side of an Allegheny Ridge, in a narrow defile, the little colony was suddenly terrified by fearful yells,

"As all the fiends from Heaven that fell
Had pealed the banner cry of hell."

They were surrounded by savages who killed six at the first onset, but who were repulsed by a discharge of rifles. Among the slain was the eldest son of Boone. The domestic animals were scattered and lost. This commencement was too inauspicious for the hardihood of the party, which returned forty miles to the settlement on Clinch River.

In 1774, Boone, then a resident of this settlement, was requested by the Governor of Virginia, to guide a party of surveyors to the falls of Ohio. He was appointed to the command of two contiguous garrisons on the frontier, with the rank of captain. He was besides required to lay out a road from the settlements on the Holston to the Kentucky river. The party were repeatedly assailed by Indians, and several of the laborers were killed. This party then built a fort, or a blockhouse, and cabins surrounded by palisades, at Boonesborough, when Boone returned for his family; and his wife and daughter were the first white women that ever beheld the Kentucky river. He was the first actual settler and cultivator of the soil in Kentucky.

The Indians, though not amicable, did not attempt any immediate assault, and the great commonwealth began its infant existence under happy auspices. The seeds of future empire took root and flourished. It is true there was danger; but there was no fear. In felling trees it was needful for the woodsman to look sharply at others, lest they should conceal a foe, and to be as familiar with the rifle as with the axe.—Trees were cut or girled and a garden soon surrounded the rude cabins. Seeds were committed to the earth, and gave an hundred fold increase. The females sometimes ventured beyond the palisades. There were among them three rustic graces,—maiden; upon which the wild solitude had stamped its impress. One afternoon, they wandered forth like Proserpine, and her companions, and on the same floral errand, when they were suddenly seized by six savages. Some natural shrieks they raised, but hushed them soon, for it is known of the Indians, that they are more renowned than Europeans for their decorum to female prisoners. No law is so sacred of them as that of honor; no penalty so hard as disgrace.

The loss was soon communicated to the garrison—and inexpressibly dear to the parents were the lost ones. Col. Calloway and Capt. Boone, the parents solicited volunteers to pursue the Indians, under an oath to retake the captives or die. Cowards were scarce, and every man crowded around Boone to repeat this oath which has come down to us. 'By the Eternal Power that made me a father, if my daughter lives and is found, I will either bring her back or spill my life blood.' Seven only (besides the parents) were selected to pursue.

The trail was difficult to find, for it had been most artfully concealed, and was at last discovered by chance. The rearward Indians had covered their steps with leaves; the party often took right at right angles, and coming to a creek walked in the water. But it is hard to baffle a backwoodsman. When at a loss for the trail near a brook, they found something on the ground more precious than all the diamonds of Sinbad's valley. This was a little parcel of ribbon dropped by one of the captives. Afterwards they found a shred of handkerchief or minute piece of dress, enough to show the pursuers that the prisoners had in all their troubles, foresight and a collected mind. Next day the foot prints became plain, so that the backwoodsmen could tell the number of fugitives.

On the fifteenth day's march, late in the evening, they discovered in the woods a fire. The plan of recapture or assault was committed to Boone, and he led his company to encamp, when some slept under the guard of a sentinel, while Boone, Calloway, and a third, waited for midnight to approach and reconnoitre the enemy.

These falling prostrate, crept by inches towards the Indians, so that 'the blind mole could not hear a foot fall.' Pushing aside the bushes they beheld seventeen Indians in sound sleep upon the ground—and they discovered also another camp near, and crawling round to this, they beheld the maidens guarded by two warriors with tomahawks and other weapons. One appeared to slumber—the other seemed but too vigilant.

Boone, by a motion, directed Calloway to keep his muzzle upon the sleeping Indian, while he crept round to spring upon the watchful one, and to strangle him if possible without awakening the sleeper.

But if he slept, he was easily awakened, for the shadow of Boone roused him, and he sprung up uttering a yell that made the forest ring.—The first thought of Calloway and Boone was to fire, but they refrained and supplicated for their daughters. They were bound, and a council was held by the savages who determined to despatch their new captives without torture, a favor too seldom accorded to the Long Knives. They were led out and bound to a tree. The executioners stood near with their tomahawks, and the prisoners were taking a last look at the forest, when a discharge arrested the immolation. Another and another volley succeeded, and the Indians fled in confusion, when joy of joys! the fathers loosened the bonds of their daughters!

In 1777, Kentucky was organized as a county of Virginia. In April of this year, a body of 100 indians invested Boonesborough, supplied mostly with arms, though some had bows and arrows. Boone received them in a manner that made them as anxious to go as they had been willing to come. In July he resisted another horde of 200. After a close seige of two days they raised a yell of disappointment and disappeared in the forest.

Every house, in the early settlements, was a garrison and sustained its sieges. The fortifications were simple, but the beseigers had little skill. The station was generally on an eminence, and every thing was removed that could conceal or protect the enemy. The enclosure contained more than half an acre, and if it had no spring, was furnished with a well or reservoir for water. The trench surrounding the fort was five feet deep, and in this were planted large and contiguous pickets of hard timber, twelve feet in height. At the angles were projecting squares, where the sentry could rake the whole front. The chief expedient of the red men was to set fire to the buildings, which however, they seldom effected. Bryant's station was attacked in 1782 by 600 Indians, who found the garrison without a supply of water. The path that led to the well was commanded by a concealed band. Yet the women of the besieged, more noble than the Roman wives or maidens, volunteered to go forth for a supply of water. They went and returned till they had filled the reservoir, though they saw here and there a painted face under covert of the weeds. The Indians respected this generous self devotion and no one fired. Where such are the mothers, what are the sons!

Boone was the most formidable leader of the Long Knives. He was the patriarch of the settlement, and often supplied the destitute with game. When emigrant families were approaching he went out to meet them and conduct them in.

Once as he was hunting to supply his party with food, he was approached by two Indians, armed with muskets and tomahawks. He slipt behind a tree, exposing his person in some degree, to attract their fire. This he escaped, and he then drew the fatal trigger and one of his enemies fell dead. Then there remained a single combat in which one party must fall. One was armed with a knife, the other with a tomahawk; both rushed towards the body of the fallen Indian. Boone received the blow of the tomahawk on his rifle, and plunged his knife to the hilt in his adversary's body. This is commemorated in sculpture over the southern door of the Rotunda in the capitol at Washington.

He was afterwards captured and carried to Chillicothe, where he was adopted into an Indian family and treated kindly. He became a general favorite. But after a while the tribe determined on an expedition against Boonesborough, and Boone resolved to attempt an escape. The expedition was on its way when the opportunity occurred, by the appearance of a deer which Boone was permitted to pursue. When out of sight he instantly turned, with his best speed for Boonesborough, using every craft to mislead his pursuers. Few but Boone could have found his way and concealed his trail. Travelling night and day, he went two hundred miles in a brief space, and was received with shouts by his friends. A new force was sent against this garrison of 600 Indians, commanded by a Frenchman, Duquesne.—Colonel Boone and another went out on a proposition for a parley, but they posted twenty-five men in a bastion, with orders to fire on the council, on any appearance of violence or treachery. The two were seized by the Indians, when the men in the bastion fired, and the traitor who held Boone's companion was killed. In the confusion occasioned by this prompt fire, both escaped to the garrison. The Indians attempted to burn the palisades, but the fire was extinguished, and to mine from the river bank, but their work fell in.

On the morning of the ninth day they retired, after having lost 200 of their number. But two men were killed in the garrison; 125 pounds of bullets were gathered in the fort.

While Boone was a captive at Chillicothe, his wife supposing that he was dead, returned with the family to North Carolina. Kentucky had been to her *the bloody ground*. Her first born son had fallen on its threshold; the daughter had been a captive, restored by the imminent risk of her father; and the father himself had as she feared, perished under savage tortures. The party arrived on pack horses, and they were clothed in skins. Boone afterwards returned to visit them.

When he returned to Kentucky, he could freely indulge in his passion for the chase, for there was now no danger from the Indians.

But as the Indians retired, the land became more valuable, and deeds and titles came in dispute. Boone had explored and occupied unclaimed tracts, but speculators and lawyers ousted him. This however he bore better than the diminution of game. Litigation upon land titles took the place of Indian wars. The event of Boone's suit was not such as would reconcile him to laws, judges, juries and lawyers, and he felt his heart drawn towards the prairies of the Missouri. Behold the little family then upon a new and distant pilgrimage. They passed through Cincinnati 30 years ago, when that noble city was a small village.—Having been asked here how he could leave Kentucky? 'Too crowded,' said he, 'too crowded—I want more elbow room.'

In Missouri his neighbors were French and Spanish; a simple race that had many kinds of property in common. They had little of that spirit of speculation that had made Kentucky an unquiet place to Boone. He was appointed commandant of the district of St. Charles. In 1813 he had the misfortune to lose his wife—a woman of a faithful and generous nature. After this, he resided with his son, occasionally trapping and exploring the country for two or three months at a time. He died in 1818, as he had lived—tranquil and collected.

[The above sketch of Boone is but an abstract from Mr. Flint's agreeable biography of him, and in many instances we have used the same expressions.]

Female Generosity.

I was one evening in a mixed company of ladies and gentlemen, when the conversation happened to turn upon the subject of generosity. It was maintained by some of the gentlemen that it was more inherent in the male, than in the female heart. After many arguments on the subject, a lady related the following instance of female generosity.

"In the latter part of the French revolution, a young man who was closely pursued by a body of gens d'armes, in the streets of Paris, stopped in a door in which stood a young female, and requested concealment. There was no time to consider, as the soldiers were close at hand. She conducted him to a back building, and locked him in. She had scarcely done this, when the soldiers passed. As it happened, the very body of gens d'armes who had pursued the young man, were invited by the owner of the house, to take up their quarters for the night, and were put into a room in the same building in which the refugee had taken shelter; and as they occupied the room next the entrance, he could not escape without passing through the room where they lay. In this dilemma, the young lady resolved to extricate him, if possible. She waited until she thought the soldiers were all asleep, and passed through the room without waking of them, acquainted the stranger of his peril, and told him that if he would consent, she would conduct him to a neighboring church of which her uncle kept the keys, and secrete him until the danger was over. He consented. She took him by the arm, and they entered the room, where the soldiers were sleeping, when, in passing, he struck his foot against one of them, who jumped up, seized the young man, and demanded who it was; when the young lady, with great presence of mind, answered, "It is only I, who came to seek for"—fortunately she had nothing more to say, as the soldier, hearing a female voice, let go the arm. They passed on, and and entering the church, she conducted him to the door of a vault, which was curiously concealed behind the altar, told him to enter there, and she would bring him food daily until he should be enabled to venture forth in safety. She gave him the lamp, and, shutting the door, immediately returned to the house.

"He descended into the vault, and seating himself on a tomb-stone, he there beheld recorded the names of his own illustrious ancestors, who had mouldered into dust ages ago.—He was overpowered with fatigue, and fell asleep, and did not awake until the morning of the second day, when he perceived that his benefactress had not been there, and he began to fear that something had happened to prevent her from coming again. He waited in terror and anxiety until night, but she came not, and he laid himself down in despair on a tombstone, resolved to endure the lingering death which awaited him. He sunk into a lethargy, from which he was awakened the third morning by the voice of his benefactress calling on his name; but it seemed as if animation had ceased, for he was unable to move, or articulate a sound. He heard the dreadful sound of the door as it fell, he uttered a faint cry, and rushed up the steps. Fortunately the young lady had not left the spot; she raised the door, entered the vault, and restored new life to the sufferer. She informed him that she had been unable to get to the church since his concealment, on account of the vigilance of the guards who were stationed at her uncle's, but that she had made arrangements by which she could supply him with food daily; she prepared to depart, and had just ascended the steps, when they heard persons entering the church. She immediately closed the door of the vault, and the next moment they heard the steps of a body of soldiers passing and repassing about the church, and who were searching for some refugees whom they suspected were concealed there.—They were conducted by the unsuspicious uncle, who led them to every part of the building, to prove his innocence.

"Their steps were often heard by the trembling couple below, passing over the vault, but they did not perceive it. When they left the church, she left the vault, with repeated assurances of daily supplying him with victuals. She performed her promise, and in a few days conducted him from his place of concealment, and he was enabled to reach his home in safety."

From the Letters of John Randolph, just published.

THE REAL GENTLEMAN.—Do not undervalue the character of the *real* gentleman, which is the most respectable among men. It consists not of plate and equipage, and rich living, any more than the disease which that mode of life engenders; but in *truth*, courtesy, bravery, generosity and learning, which last, although not *essential* to it, yet does very much to adorn and illustrate the character of the true gentleman.—Tommy Merton's gentleman were no gentlemen, (and the *great* vulgar, as well as the small,) with whom he who rides in a coach and six, is three times as great a gentleman as he who drives a post chaise and pair. Lay down this as a principle, that truth is to the others virtues, what vital air is to the human system. They cannot exist *at all* without it; and as the body may live under many diseases, if supplied with pure air for its consumption, so may the character survive many effects, where there is a rigid attachment, to 'truth.' All 'equivocation' and subterfuge belongs to falsehood, which consists not in using 'false' words only, but in conveying false impressions, no matter how; and if a person deceive himself, and I, by my silence, suffer him to remain in that error, I am implicated in the deception, unless he be one who has no right to rely upon me for information, and, in that case, 'tis plain I could not be instrumental in deceiving him.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE N. Y. JOURNAL OF COMMERCE.

Rome, ——, ——

At present, I have little to write of the Holy Week. Some time hence, when the singing is out of my ears, and the pageant ceases to flit before my eyes, I may describe the solemn ties that attract to Rome, the Catholic world. But I am tired of noise—I am almost tired of music—and such music too: as only Italian lips can utter, and Italian ears can estimate.—It gives one a new sense—a new sentiment.—How eloquent is the *Miserere*; how full of self abasement and wailing for sin. In comparison with such sounds, language, tho' a vehicle of thought, loses its power of expression.

But is this, *sacred* music? We may well call it so though if it be allowable to imagine, it is not the strain that angels breathe—their's is a note of praise and triumph that they have

passed the gates of death and gained the victory over sin. But on earth our strains of devotion may well b mingled with a note of sorrow. Are the Italians devout? I know not, but the Miserere, as I have heard it, breathes the very soul of devotion.

To the Sistine Chapel you must go—where you can see the tremendous Last Judgment of Michael Angelo, while the Music is a corollary to the picture. The ceiling above is covered with noble figures—such as would have passed for portraits of man before he debased himself—but too elevated in character to represent him now. One end of the Chapel is occupied by the Judgment. I do not understand it all, as some of it has allusions beyond my knowledge, to the saints and martyrs.—When Buonarotti clothed his conceptions in human form, he always gave to his figures, limbs in which the muscles were developed as in the arms of sailors or the legs of porters.—But there is no courseness in this—it is simple grandeur. But it is an experiment for no one else to try. Fuseli tried it, and failed.

On the left, at the lower side of the picture, the dead are rising—the bones are quickening into life. They are in all stages of decay, or all states of resuscitation. Some, well fleshed, are lifting by main strength, the flat monumental stone above them, others, half skeleton and half corpse, seem not yet to have recovered consciousness. On the other corner are the ministers of evil coming from their caverns to seize upon the condemned. From out a fissure in the quaking earth, there is protruded a terrible hand, which is pulling down a poor sinner by a viper which has manacled his ancles.—The sufferer however looks upward with hope, and a female from behind, is lifting him, by putting her hands under his shoulders—some guardian angel—some wife, perhaps, who had loved him and interceded for him—some innocent victim whom he had rescued—some wanderer whom he had reqlaimed. Hard by falls one head foremast, accelerated by the weight of a horned demon who holds on by the hair of his head. But here, two of the blessed come to the rescue. But of this I am not quite sure. I like not his face—it has guilt and pain; perhaps he is to haul down the two that are clinging to him. Perhaps it is his wife and child, who wished to be good, but he would not let them; perhaps to him they owe their fall; and at this group there look forth from a hole in a rock two devils with such a grin of triumph, that I fear the worst.

A little to the right is

"That grim ferryman that poets write of,"

a figure fit for Caliban. He has a freight of thirty or more, and he brandishes his paddle over them as a flail. They huddle together like frighted geese; and some are eagerly springing to land, where worse awaits them. Devils that are fearful and hideous,—while they are grotesque, are eager to act in their capacity of tormentors, and some succeeded so well that the sufferers are biting their own hands to the bone for pain. Above, among the falling, there is every shape of suffering, every expression of anguish. Some however are upheld by friends, and who are sustained by a string of Catholic beads; passed under their arms. The group of martyrs carry the instruments of their martyrdom. St. Sebastian holds his arrows, St. Peter his cross, St. Somebody his saw, and St. Bartholomew carries his knife in one hand and his skin in the other. The Saviour stands judging according the deeds done in the body, but if a fit subject for any painter, he is not for Michael Angelo. This picture was made for Pontiffs, and it was in the spirit of the age; it has many hundred figures, and much of the sublime and terrible,—yet it is a dangerous subject. The terrors of that great day are for humble reflection,—but to my mind not proper for the poet or the painter. But whither has one picture led me? and there are about 20,000 worthy of description, at Rome.

The Sistine Chapel is small, and there is more company than seats. As a crowd justifies any thing I rested myself as Sinbad rested on the Old Man of the Sea. Both of us thus made a tall person. I was half abashed; I looked round from my elevation and saw no blue coat but mine, and many a bright eye rested upon my metallic buttons. But my singularity cost me half a dollar; black, black as Erebus in the color, for the Holy week. I have no coat of the canonical color, but I am the proprietor of a cravat, vest, and other garments not necessary to specify, black as a raven's ghost. Thus clad, I tried to slip in, by throwing back my coat-collar, and presenting a bold, that is, a black front. But the man at the door had one eye to my coat and another to his perquisite. I could not bribe him then, for the colonel was at hand, I retired, and anon I came up the wide steps with my hat off, walking behind three Roman ladies, as though I was their servant, as in truth I was, for one of them was so transcendently beautiful, that I hoped the guard would see nothing but her, and that he would forget me, my coat, and my buttons.

"Look in her face, and he'll forget them all."

But he was not a soldier to sleep on his post though beauty should bind poppies on his brows. I besought him to let me in, as a pilgrim that had come four thousand and odd miles to see *Il Papa*, inserting at the time half a crown between his hand and glove, where, as I pressed his huge paw, I felt other pieces of coin. He perceived at once, that my coat was black.—In the ante-room, which was as full as far as I could penetrate towards the magnetic Pole, I beheld that everlasting Francesco, who has not yet ceased to wonder how I gained admission in a blue coat; though he half believes that it was by special dispensation, and respects me accordingly. He himself, was a perfect weeper—he was clothed in weeds.

"'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother," all his habiliments were sable: "black he stood as night,"—he was a *rara avis*—a raven, a crow. His very cane was black and tipped with ebony. Darkness was his element, and night would have fallen in love with him.

Yet it was only the fashion of the place and time. The whole assembly was shrouded; veils, plumes, fans, all were black; the very tresses that shaded the large lustrous eyes, were "long and dark, like a stormy winter's night." There was not a white feather in the whole flock.—In my blue coat I stood alone "original and unaccommodating."

But let us skip the holy week—my bruises are yet fresh—let us wait till time has softened the memory of suffering.

Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit.

Who says that there is not much female beauty in Rome! Let the calumniator eat his words, as Pistol swallowed his leek. It is true, that a stranger may pass the arrestatic months, and say "it is all barren, unless perchance, he look up to the higher windows of the palaces, where he will see such eyes, such faces, as he cannot see in colder latitudes. On some great church festival, when the watchful dragoons that guard young Roman Ladies are asleep, or abroad with their charge, there may be seen a congregation of beauties, that would make a painter break his pallet and burn his colors.

The Roman Ladies never walk; the earth is not good enough for them to set a foot upon. Indolence and Fashion both proscribe walking. But the English ladies walk much, and with the stride of a grenadier. They have little of the grace that may be seen in Broadway. At Rome the English follow not Roman fashions, it is a peculiarity of Mr. Bull, that wherever he is; he adheres pertinaciously to English modes, though adopted at home for some local or conventional reason. In him a human nature is anglified;

THE OHIO.

The following beautiful and graphic touch is from a correspondent of the New York American, it is most worthy a perusal. We a few days since gave an extract from Rome.—One writer delights in the antique glories of the queen of cities; the other in the virgin beauty of the young west. But is the west young—perhaps the luxuriance of her vegetation is from the soil enriched with a long generation of men and arts, the time hath trodden into dust. But let us not moralise.—

U. S. Gaz.

STEAMBOAT NATIVE, OHIO RIVER, JUNE, 1834.

Oh you pampered New Yorkers, puffing and blowing in the heat and bustle and politics of your Babylonian phalanx, in the name of justice I entreat you send some *investigator* from the bevy of your uncomfortable idlers, and see with your own eyes, and tell with your own tongues, and—let conviction rest upon it—that Nature hath exhausted neither wardrobe nor jewel case in the decking of your thrice immortalized North river.

I am floating on the tranquil Ohio—which is just now in one of its happiest moods, neither *hurrying* on with a phrenzied haste, and spilling its unwelcome riches upon the grain fields—nor yet low, turbid and uninteresting, as the best bred rivers will sometimes find themselves in the langnor and heat of summer. The wheel of the "Native" has dislocated an arm, and the momentary pause having called me from my lounge, I am overwhelmed with a richness of scenery that never met my eye before, and in the fulness of gratification, I do protest (since that is the fashion) against a monopoly of praise that hath almost swollen your Anthony's Nose with satisfaction. The beauty of the Hudson River scenery consists, if I am right, in dark, precipitous and frightful cliffs, huge projecting rocks; and battlement-like embankments, and that in the upper country, more particularly in mighty barren hills of a grotesque figure. It has much of the stupendous and sublime for every eye, and is of that wild and Alpine character that ambitious young men, and amateurs in the arts, like to be thought to admire—such as honest lairds and yeomen's sons break their necks after in Switzerland. Here then is the difference. The Ohio, calm, placid, unruffled as a Christian, is all smiles and love. On its banks, on either side, honest labor has earned a peaceful home, and the proprietors (no swollen cits) have put up—in well selected positions, sometimes on a point projecting into the river, and sometimes at the foot of a gently rising hill—a shelter, after the rude fashion of the country, often adding a beauty to the aspect that his art never intended. Here is a field in the dark green mantle of wheat—on the other side, extending far up the hill—where the trees have been girdled and left for time to fall, their naked and leafless branches outstretched as if in the agony of a protracted fate—is the dark, rich looking soil where the Indian corn is struggling into existence. The bosom of the river is covered with a variety of boats, and just before us is one of that huge and cumbrous fashion, so long known on these waters, barely solicited into motion by the joint efforts of the current, and the sweeps and poles of the boatmen. These last are singing—with rather more vehemence than melody—and as the boisterous echo returns from the shore, it mingles with the happy laugh of some young adventurers, whose rickety shallop is dancing about in our wake. The immediate margin on either side, is fringed with hazel and beach, whose clustering foliage overhangs the water, bending with a grace—and you may trace the river wending far away, till the hills close in upon it, and all is lost and indistinct but the deep blue color, and the undulating outline against the sky. However, I do not desire to make a picture, and all I mean to say, is, that no man whose heart beats at beholding the independent and substantial comfort of a people, can view the Ohio scenery without feelings of satisfaction and gratitude that may fail to be aroused by the curious presentations of the Hudson.

I might say more, but we have a metaphysical Dutchman on board, who is getting entirely too audible, and so, Adieu. H. S. E.

Vane, the Steamboat Robber.

Perhaps a greater scoundrel than this man never existed, as the following brief sketch of his life will show. He was born in Lancanshire, England, in the year 1776, of poor but honest parents. At an early age he manifested an extraordinary propensity for robbing orchards and hen roosts, but generally played his cards so well that he escaped detection; on one occasion, however, he was the leader of a gang of juvenile rascals in robbing an out house belonging to his grandmother, and was detected by a dog, that fastened upon him and tore off a part of his dress, which the dog retained in his teeth till the old lady took it from him; for this offence he was put into the stocks of his native village, and in revenge, he went the very night of his releasement and poisoned the dog, and subsequently fired the premises. They were unable however, to bring proof against him sufficient to convict him, and for his relation's sake he was spared. His next essay was to seduce a farmer's daughter; and when she became enciente by him, he gave her corrosive sublimate, with a view to produce abortion, and caused her death. But unfortunately here again, the evidence was not conclusive against him. He was next removed to the adjoining county of Durham, and placed by his friends on a snug little farm, soon after which he married; he used to beat his wife so frequently that she was prematurely delivered of a still born child, and he eventually marred all his prospects there by committing a rape upon the daughter of one of his farm laborers. He was arrested but was bailed out, and soon after sold his farm and fled to Whitehaven, in Cumberland, where he kept a public house under the name of Williams; here he married a second wife, by whom he had no family. Soon after this marriage, the brother of his first wife, who was still living, coming in a coasting vessel to Whitehaven, went to board at the house of Vane, whom he recognized and exposed, a quarrel and fight ensued, and Vane drew a knife and stabbed his opponent, and the same night left Whitehaven and fled to London. On his road to the metropolis, he committed a highway robbery near Highgate, attended with circumstances of great brutality; he stopped a post chase, in which was a young lady and her father, by knocking the driver from his seat; he then bound and robbed the father and ill-treated the daughter. He was then taken by Townsend, (a noted Bow street officer, who was termed, par excellence, the "Royal Trap," and who arrested the noted Jerry Abersham,) tried at the Old Bailey in the year 1801, and cast for death; his sentence was however, commuted to transportation for life, and he was sent to Sydney, in New South Wales.

From this place he escaped in the year 1809, returned to England [although he thereby incurred the risk of losing his life,] and ran a career of villany for nearly twenty years, without being detected. During this time he organized gangs of burglars, opened a depot for the reception of stolen goods, picked pockets, plundered even palaces, trained thieves and trod upon the very threshold of justice with unparalleled impunity. At last he was engaged, in 1829, in robbing the cashier of the Startford and Allon Bank, of notes to the value of $100,000. The robbery was effected by jostling the cashier, in a way very similar to that put in force when the notes were stolen from the office of the Providence steamboat in this city. He was detected by a broker, to whom he repeatedly offered some of the notes to be changed, and he was then tried under the name of Vyse, and again sentenced to be transported for life. A second time he contrived to escape from Botany Bay; and in less than a twelvemonth after his last conviction he was detected in attempting to pick the pockets of the very lawyer who had defended him on his last trial, and that too in the same court where he had received his sentence. Knowing that his case was a desperate one, and that if taken, he must inevitably suffer death, he escaped from the officers of justice, and ultimately fled to this country. Here he had the hardihood to open a Tuscan hat store in Broadway, and was considered to be doing business on a large scale. He and his accomplices surrounded the boy who took the package containing $12,000 down to the office of the captain of the Providence steam boat, and contrived to run off with it. Merritt, the officer, after watching Vane for some days, ventured at the risk of incurring a prosecution to arrest him. He was tried in December, and found guilty. The recorder, at that time in his charge to the Jury, stated that being advanced in years, he must have formed some kind of a character, (our readers will doubtless be of the same opinion) and his failing to establish a good one, ought to militate against him. He has been in prison six months and was sentenced on Saturday to be imprisoned at Sing Sing, for four years and six months, making in all a period of five years, the penalty allotted by law for the offence of which he has been guilty. He has now we think filled up the measure of his guilt, and in all probability will quit this sublunary scene within the walls of a prison, without one friend to regret his loss or drop a tear on his grave. He is about 5 feet ten inches in height, stoutly built, with long black hair, and coarse bold forbidding features, presenting altogether one of the most gallows-looking countenances we ever saw.

New York Trans.

PORTLAND, June 21.—We have been informed of a most inhumane act committed in Durham in this State, in the early part of the present month. Two boys, one of about eight years of age, and the other about nine, residing in the same neighborhood, went in company to the same school. On arriving there in the morning, and finding that the instructress was sick, and unable to attend to her duties on that day, they proceeded homeward, and while on their return, the larger boy undertook to whip the smaller one, but was forbidden to do so by a neighbour, who sent the small boy home, and detained the larger. The latter compl[illegible] soon as able, hurried after the former-[illegible] took him—and told him if he would go into the woods he should not be hurt or whipped. With this proposal the other complied—but on arriving at a small brook he was plunged in by his companion, then taken out, completely stript of his clothes, his arms and legs fastened to two trees, whipped occasionally, made to eat mud cakes, brakes, &c. for about two hours. He was afterwards released, and compelled to aid in forming a dam across the brook, which when completed, raised the water, into which he was plunged, and kept under until nearly drowned. Being at length permitted to come out—his clothes and cap thrown upon the trees—his books hidden—he was directed to go home, and in the event of a refusal, was threatened with death. The former alternative was embraced, and the sufferer arrived home at about two o'clock, in a state of perfect nudity. A physician attended, who found him in a sad condition, and judged that there was not a spot on his body and limbs, four inches square, that was not badly mangled or bruised. It is supposed that he suffered in the manner above stated for nearly five hours. No person saw or heard the parties after the smaller boy was first released, till he reached home. [Advertiser.

A GRAVEYARD OMNIBUS.—The Bostonians are celebrated for their *notionality*, and to do them justice their notions are generally very good notions. A paragraph headed "Hourly to Mount Auburn," in one of their papers, struck us a few days since as one of them.—The editor recommends the establishment of an hourly line of stages from the city to the romantic and interesting cemetery at Mount Auburn. "There are," says he, "about one hundred persons daily, in the summer months, who go to Mount Auburn, and about as many more who would go if they could go in an hourly *stage*." The association of ideas which such a paragraph is calculated to raise, must certainly be acknowledged to be of a very grave *character*. If one hundred of the good people of Boston do really go to Mount Auburn daily in the "summer season," and if as many more would be glad to go, it is a propensity which must be understood very wide from its literal import, or it is one in which the people of few other cities will be likely to participate. The spot alluded to is the fashionable burying ground of the city—the Boston *Pere la Chaise*—and a beautiful one we are told it is. But beautiful though it may be, hardly two hundred citizens of Boston would be desirous of "going there" daily, upon any other terms than a full assurance of *coming back again*. The idea of an omnibus to the grave is a novel one; yet new as it is, it may be made the subject of very appropriate application. The hearse itself, with all its glooms, is but an omnibus—a common conveyance for our race—the stage that takes up all passengers on their journey, from the cradle to the grave! In a great city, like our own, for instance, the hearse may emphatically be denominated the "hourly;" for its melancholy services are hourly put in requisition; and we must all of us, sooner or later, take passage in it.—New York Courier.

A RICH REWARD.—The truth of the proverb, that there is nothing lost by doing a charitable action," is forcibly exemplified by a correspondent of the Christian Advocate and Journal, who furnishes the sketch of I. C. a respectable member of the Society of Friends. This individual, it appears, at the age of eighteen, walked forty miles to put himself apprentice to a certain trade, a ferry intervened, and he had no money to pay the fare, but a kind hearted woman lent him *four pence*. He learned his trade, and experienced various vicissitudes of fortune, until he finally settled in New York, where he amassed a large fortune and retired from business. In gratitude to the woman who had lent him four pence, he schooled all her children, and gave her a pension of one hundred dollars per annum, which by a provision in his will, she is to receive for life.

Original Way of Getting Rid of a Wife.

The following advertisements, cut from a paper printed at Barbados, entitled the "West Indian," cannot, we think, fail to amuse our readers. The first appeared to astonish the public, and the last came forth as explanatory. We recommend it as a form of advertisement, more elegant than any which have been heretofore adopted, to those disconsolate spouses, who shall be left by their better halves "to wonder and to weep," or whose wives' mother interfere either in *political* or *domestic* affairs.

Bos. Trans.

"Mr. Christopher Thomas S. Daily having married Miss Holinside, with the view of being comfortable, but in consequence of her mother having intruded so much on him, is the occasion of his falling out; it is irksome to his feelings to have *my political* affairs exposed by introducing an advertisement in the public print: and he does hereby forbid all persons harboring, secreting or giving credit to my said wife Margaret Ann Dailey, or having any concerns with her; as if they *do it*, it will be at their own expense, and the subscriber will hold himself exculpated from all demands.

(Signed)

CHRISTOPHER THOS S. DAILEY."

Advertisement Second. "Mr. C. T. S. Dailey, with reference to the advertisement contained in the last number of the West Indian, begs leave to state that instead of his 'political affairs,' he intended to allude to his DOMESTIC affairs. His agitation of mind at the time, he thinks is a sufficient excuse for this trifling error."

Most Tragical!

James Hewlett, the ebony representative of Shakspeare, was tried at the Special Sessions for larceny, and performed Othello to the life. When charged with the theft by the Recorder, he replied:

"I lay my soul at stake! If you *think*,
Remove your thought; it doth abuse your bosom.
If any wretch hath put this in your head,
Let heaven requite it with a serpent's curse!
I ask but justice! Give it me
Most righteous Judge!"

The proof of his guilt was, however, too strong, and the Recorder, opening a volume, not of Blackstone, but of the bard of Avon, replied:

"Thyself shalt see the act:
For as thou urgest justice, be assured
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desir'st."

After being ordered to the penitentiary, Hewlett responded:

"I am content!
Sir, I entreat you, there with me to dinner."

N. Y. Com.

A Snug Berth for an Emigrant.

John O'Rourke, a cunning *pisant* from the Green Isle, was brought up as a suspicious character, having been found on board the Washington under peculiar circumstances. It appeared from Ainsworth, that he went on board the Washington prior to her sailing on Saturday, for the purpose of searching that vessel for some persons who were absconding, when he heard a cough, which seemed to proceed from a large chest, which was padlocked on board. He caused the chest to be opened, when out crept the prisoner at the bar, and, suspecting that he had concealed himself for no good purpose, he apprehended him. It had since, however, turned out that the prisoner was not endeavoring to make his escape from justice, nor had he any other evil design than that of cheating the owners of his passage, for which purpose he had caused the snug box with holes in it to be made, and having crept into it, his friends had carried him on board, intending to release him when out at sea. Under these circumstances, and the vessel having sailed, the magistrates ordered him to be discharged.

Liverpool Paper.

A Many-Toed and Fingered Family.

Meckel, in his Pathological Anatomy, has collected several instances in which the presence of supernumerary fingers and toes was hereditary in certain families. To these the following may be added:—"Thomas Copsy, a man of 19, at present a patient in the Middlesex Hospital, under Mr. Arnott's care, has thirteen toes, and states that he had originally fourteen fingers. He has seven toes on the left foot and six on the right. Each of these toes has the natural number of bones (phalanges,) and is provided with distinct tendons. With the exception of the fifth toe, all the others are adherent (united close to each other by integument.) There are but five metatarsal bones. In each foot there may be said to be two great toes, which are articulated with the fifth metatarsal. On the outside of the first phalanx of the little finger, close to its proximal extremity, is an elevated cicatrix, a tubercle, indicating the situation from whence two fingers were cut in his infancy; the middle and ring finger are adherent through their whole length in each hand. Thomas Copsy has five brothers and four sisters, in all of whom, with the exception of one sister, there are six toes on each foot, and a sixth finger was removed in their infancy. The other sister has seven toes on one foot and six on the other, and had two fingers removed from each hand. His brother has the same number of toes, and had the same number of fingers as himself and sister last alluded. The same is the case with his only maternal uncle, (who has no family,) and was the case with his maternal grandfather."

Foreign Coin.

The following is a copy of the Foreign Coin Bill, as amended and passed by the House of Representatives:

A bill regulating the value of certain Foreign Silver Coins within the United States. Be it enacted, etc, That from and after the passage of this act, the following silver coins shall be of the legal value and shall pass current as money within the United States, by tale, for payment of all debts and demands at the rate of one hundred cents the dollar; that is to say the dollars of Mexico, Peru, Chili, and Central America, of not less weight than as now coined, and those unstamped in Brazil of the like weight, when of not less fineness than ten ounces, fifty pennyweights and twelve grains of pure silver, in the troy pound of twelve ounces of standard silver; and the five franc pieces of France, when of not less fineness than ten ounces sixteen pennyweight in twelve ounces troy weight of standard silver, at the rate of ninety-three cents each.

SEC. 2. And be it further enacted, That it shall be the duty of the Secretary of the Treasurp to cause assays of the aforesaid silver coins; made current by this act, to be had at the Mint of the United States at least once in every year, and to make report of the result thereof to Congress.

The Gold Bills.

The important bills, one to raise the value of domestic gold, and the other to raise the value of foreign gold, were received in the Senate yesterday read twice by unanimous consent, and referred to the Committee on Finance.

We take a pleasure in communicating our opinion to the public, founded upon the opinions of members of the Senate, that the bills will pass the Senate as they came from the the House. Having reason to confide in this opinion, we communicate it publicly, that all holders of gold throughout the United States, may hold on to the precious article, till the fate of the bills are actually known.

The effect of these bills will be to raise gold 6 and 2-3 per cent, on its *legal* value; but not that much on its *market* value, which is now two or three per cent. above the *legal* value. The foreign bill applies to the gold coins of Great Britain, France, Spain, Portugal, Mexico, Brazil, and Colombia. All these coins are to pass by *weight*, at 5 and 2-3 per cent. advance upon their former legal value. The acts are to take effect from the 31st day of July, after which time, the coins, both foreign and domestic, will be *legal* tenders at the advanced rates. This date was fixed to give the community time to prepare for the change; but, in point of fact, the coins will all begin to circulate, by common consent, from the day of the passage of the bills,

We *confidently* believe they will pass in a few days, and again offer to the country our congratulations on the auspicious event.

Globe.

STONY COVERING OF THE SKIN.—I have at present under my care a man, who is nearly encrusted with a stone like skin, very closely resembling the barnacles of the native oyster, or what is called "rough casting," so frequently seen on the outside of lath or plaster houses. He cannot sleep for any length of time, because the recumbent position causes him the sensation of lying upon a board thickly studded with nails, or, as he expresses it, "lying on a bag of sticks." The first appearance of this covering occurred about six months ago, since which time it has been rapidly increasing, and little doubt exists but that in a short time the man will become as thoroughly encased in a hard coat as the armadillo or the rhinoceros.—[Dr. Kitching, in the Lancet.

SACRILEGE.

A young gentleman recently died at Newburyport, requesting in his last moments that a gold breast pin, which had been presented him by a young lady, whom death had torn from him, might be buried with him. The request was religiously complied with, and the pin deposited in his coffin. The sanctity of the grave, however, was violated, and the pin stolen by an individual of that town, who had a short time before made a public profession of religion! He has since made a public confession of the deed, and "asked pardon both of God and man, for the rash act;" but it is much to be doubted whether this confession will restore him to a general confidence. It is much easier to preserve a good character than to regain a lost one.

ANECDOTE OF WILLIAM IV.—An opinion has generally prevailed in the naval service, though erroneous in every respect, that our naval monarch, when Prince William Henry, and a youngster, under the care of the late Sir Richard Keats, was mast-headed by that excellent officer and rigid disciplinarian, for some slight breach of duty; but Sir Richard, who always bore testimony to his Royal Highness's innate love and respect for order and obedience, and that exemplary conduct so indispensable in a man of war, explained the circumstance which gave rise to the misconception in the following manner:—During a stormy night in winter, as the gale increased, Sir Richard, then Lieutenant of the watch, to make all snug, ordered the top-men aloft to close-reef the topsails.—The night was dark and squally, and his Royal Highness, who, unperceived, had entered the rigging among the first, was in the act of mounting the rattlings with the seamen, (who crowded around their Prince to prevent his falling overboard,) was recognised by Sir Richard. This trustworthy officer, anxious for the safety of his charge, immediately called to his Royal Highness, and said,

There is no necessity for your Royal Highness to expose yourself in this weather, nor do I wish you to venture aloft at night." But our monarch, who was then stationed aloft at reefing topsails, and knowing it to be the duty of a midshipman to head and accompany the men, unhesitatingly and heroically replied, "Thank you, Mr. Keats, but where the men go, I go."

Naval and Military Gazette.

CASUALTY.—On Saturday evening last, at No. 3 Rail Road, Carbondale, the house in which Mr. John Davies resided, took fire and was consumed, together with most of the property belonging him and his family.

Nor. Penn.

THE ADVOCATE.

Thursday, July 3, 1834.

"Juvenal" will appear next week.

We cannot afford either space or leisure for a prolonged altercation with the present editor of the Spy. "The emptiest things reverberate most sound," and it is therefore easy accounting for the long and conceited articles that have graced the last two numbers of the Spy. When its editor shall have passed a few years (if indeed the public will bear him) in his present office, he will discover that assertions will not pass for fact, and that charges of scurrility come with a bad grace from one who is rapidly becoming notorious for the sin charged on others. The editorial articles of any paper, are fair subjects for remark, and in yielding "Juvenal" the use of our columns, we did no more than follow the general custom. The Spy permitted the critique on our remarks on Miss Kemble, and justified under the custom, so we have followed suit, and it is a poor rule that will not work both ways. As to where the "arrow *stuck*" we say not, but we do know who had the *last* shot. We might extend our remarks, but for the present we forbear, mindful of the lines,

"Yet who would be satirical
Upon a thing so *very* small!"

Warm weather, or rather the season for it, is fairly commenced, and the mania for springs and watering places is already abroad. For ourselves, we believe as much comfort may be enjoyed at home, as in paying two dollars per diem for the privilege of sleeping in a room eight by ten, and three in a bed, the thermometer being 90°, or on account of sitting down to a table where a man must fairly fight for a seat and obtains room for his knife by driving his neighbors fork down his throat. Fashion effects wonders, and since folks must travel, let them visit the interior of Pennsylvania. There are spots and scenery in the bosom of our own state, rarely to be rivalled in the Union, and the lover of the picturesque and sublime, will find on the Susquehanna a feast for his eyes and ample material for the sketch book. The New Yorkers understand far better than we do, the method of getting themselves before the public. There are "views on the Hudson," laying on the centre table of every fashionable house in New York, and throughout the Union; "Northern Travellers," "Pilgrims Itinerary," "Health companion," "Saratoga guide," and a host of pamphlets and books all lead off the public gaze, and hence Saratoga, Pine Orchard, and Niagara, are crowded, while with spots as rife in revolutionary tale as was ever Saratoga, with Braddock's field and the Wyoming valley, to say nothing of Bedford Springs, we are thrown completely in the back ground. This should be otherwise and would be different if our City papers would bestow some attention to the subject, but those gentry who are too many of them prone to neglect their own state and dilate on the advantages of others, sometimes induce us to think, that in their estimation, the City of Philadelphia is the only valuable portion of Pennsylvania.

We receive no paper on our exchange list, that affords as much reading as the New York Star, we have nothing to do with its politics, but there is such a fund of humour in the Editor, and so many fair hits at his adversaries, that it is impossible to avoid laughing and we sincerely hope that, in the words of the Persian proverb, "Noah's shadow may never be *less*, and that his chin may double and multiply even as his grand children."

The approaching fourth will be a day of peculiar interest, throughout the country. The death of La Fayette, and the present political excitement, will afford an ample theme for the Orators. The great man just deceased, ever contended for a liberty of laws, and amid the whirlwind of party, and the clash of politics, the sole end he kept in view, was his countrys good, and not his own benefit. If the day pass under the influence of feelings such as these considerations are calculated to excite, it will be well.

The weather of late has been extremely variable and changeable, and as our farmers are fairly at their business, it is peculiarly unfortunate. The hay crops we learn, have suffered considerably from the wet evenings and warm days. The aspect of the crops however, is encouraging and there is reason to hope that the farmer will receive a fair return for his labor, and be able to lay up something besides.

MARIETTA JACKSON DINNER.

The Committee named on the evening of the 22d of June, at a Public Meeting, at the house of John J. Libhart, to make arrangements for a JACKSON CELEBRATION on the FOURTH OF JULY, have instructed their Chairman to Report:

That Dinner will be on the Table at TWO O'CLOCK, at Mr. John J. Libhart's Eagle Hotel, to which, all *Anti-Bank Jackson men*, are respectfully invited.

Price of Dinner 50 cents.

JOHN HUSS,
Chairman of Committee.

The following article was published in the papers of the day—1800.

Locusts.

The following observations on Locusts, made in the year 1715, by the Rev. Andrew Sandel, then Rector of the Swedish Church in Philadelphia, are left on the records of the said Church, in the Swedish language, being in exact translation these.—In the month of May a peculiar kind of grasshopper or flies, called by the English, *Locusts*, issued from the earth.—They came up every where, even on the hard roads. They were enabled to pierce the earth by means of a shell that covered the whole body, even the mouth and feet. Having issued from the earth, they crept out of the shell; flew about; placed themselves every where on the trees; and made a peculiar noise. As they were in great multitudes over the country, their noise was so loud, that people could scarcely hear the bells in the woods. They ripped the bark off the trees and put worms therein. Many expected that the trees would be dried by this; but we found next year that it did not happen. Swine and fowls fed on these insects. The Indians did also eat them, especially on the first arrival, after a previous slight roasting; from this it is probable that they are of the same kind with those eaten by John the Baptist. They were of short continuance, dying in June.

Remarks:—The worms mentioned, were, no doubt, those white worm-like eggs which the present Locusts deposit in the bark.—All the other circumstances correspond with those that now take place.

That the Locusts were not destructive, appears from the account given by the same author, on the extraordinary fertility of that year, in wheat, rye, Indian corn, oats, and apples.

That year was also remarkably healthy among the Swedes, as appears from the small number of deaths on the funeral records, which include a distance at least fifteen miles, north, west, and south, from Philadelphia.

A great part of the little which is recorded, on the Natural History, Seasons, Diseases, &c. in the earlier times of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and, the now Delaware state, we owe to the Swedish Missionaries.

The Swedish congregation in Pennsylvania, owe also the principal of their estate to the zeal and wisdom of the said Mr. Sandel.

MICHOLAS COLLIN.
Rector of the Swedish Churches in Pennsylvania.

Declaration of Independence.

IN CONGRESS, JULY 4, 1776.

By the Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled,

A DECLARATION.

WHEN, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another; and to assume among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle tthem, a decent respect for the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident—that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.—That, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government become destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and habpiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate, that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly all experience hath shewn, that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train oi abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of these colonies; and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former systems of government. The history of the present king of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these states. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world.

He has refused his assent to laws the most wholesome and necessary for the public good.

He has forbidden his government to pass laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation, till his assent should be obtained: and, when so suspended, he has utterly neglected to attend to them.

He has refused to pass other laws, for the accommodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relinquish the right of representation in the legislature—a right inestimable to them, and formidable to tyrants only.

He has called together legislative bodies, at places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from the depository of their public records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures.

He has dissolved representative houses repeatedly for oppposing, with manly, firmness, his invasions on the rights of the people.

He has refused for a long time, after such dissolutions, to cause others to be elected; whereby the legislative powers, incapable of annihilation, have returned to the people at large, for their exercise; the state remaining, in the mean time, exposed to all the danger of invasion from without, and convulsions within.

He has endeavored to prevent the population of these states; for that purpose obstructing the laws of naturalization of foreigners; refusing to pass others, to encourage their migration hither, and raising the conditions of new appropriation of lands.

He has obstructed the administration of justice, by refusing his assent to laws, for establishing judiciary powers.

He has made judges dependent on his will alone, for the tenure of their offices, and the amount and the payment of their salaries.

He has erected a multitude of new offices and sent hither swarms of officers, to harrass our people, and eat out their substance.

He has kept among us, in times of peace, standing armies without the consent of our legislatures.

He has affected to render the military independent of and superior to the civil power.

He has combined with others, to subject us to a jurisdiction, foreign to our constitution, and unacknowledged by our laws; giving his assent to their acts of pretended legislation:

For quartering large bodies of armed troops among us.

For protecting them, by a mock trial, from punishment for any murder which they should commit on the inhabitants of these states.

For cutting off our trade with all parts of the world:

For imposing taxes on us without our consent:

For depriving us in many cases, of the benefits of trial by jury:

For transporting us beyond seas, to be tried for pretended offences:

For abolishing the free system of English law in a neighboring province, establishing therein an arbitrary government, and enlarging its boundaries, so as to render it at once an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these colonies:

For taking away our charters, abolishing our most valuable laws, and altering fundamentally the forms of our governments:

For suspending our own legislatures, and declaring themselves invested with power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever:

He has abdicated government here, by declaring us out of his protection, and waging war against us.

He has plundered our seas, ravaged our coasts, burnt our towns, and destroyed the lives of our people.

He is, at this time, transporting large armies of foreign mercenaries, to complete the works of death, desolation, and tyranny, already begun with circumstances of cruelty and perfidy, scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, and totally unworthy the head of a civilized nation.

He has constrained our fellow citizens, taken captive on the high seas, to bear arms against their country, to become the executioners of their friends and brethren, or to fall themselves by their hands.

He has excited domestic insurrections amongst us, and has endeavored to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers, the merciless Indian savages, whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes and conditions.

In every stage of these oppressions we have petitioned for redress, in the most humble terms; our petitions have been answered only by repeated injury. A prince whose character is thus marked, by every act, which may define a tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a free people.

Nor have we been wanting in attention to our British brethren. We have warned them, from time to time, of attempts made by their legislature to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here. We have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity, and we have conjured them by the ties of our common kindred, to disavow these usurpations, which would inevitably interrupt our connexions and correspondence. They, too, have been deaf to the voice of justice and consanguinity. We must therefore, acquiesce in the necessity, which denounces our separation, and hold them, as we hold the rest of mankind—enemies in war—in peace, friends.

We therefore, the Representatives of the United States of America, in general Congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world, for the rectitude of our intentions, Do, in the name, and by the authority, of the good people of these colonies, solemnly publish and declare, that these United Colonies are, and, of right, ought to be, free and independent states; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connexion between them and the state of Great Britain, is, and ought to be, totally dissolved; and that, as free and independent states they have full power to levy war, conclude peace; contract alliances, establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things, which independent states may of right do. And for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other, our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor.

Signed by order, and in behalf of the Congress.

JOHN HANCOCK, *Pres't.*

Attest,
CHARLES THOMPSON, *Sec'ry.*

RAIL ROAD ACCIDENTS.

It becomes our melancholy duty to record three disastrous deaths which have occured on the Portage Rail Road. On Saturday last a car broke loose at the head of plane No. 1, and descending with inconceivable velocity, struck against and broke one of the posts of the shed at the foot of the plane. A respectable stranger, the only person in this car, was thrown by the violence of the concussion, a distance of sixty feet, upon a slope wall, from which he rolled into the Conemaugh. He was immediately taken out. Life was not extinct, but his skull was fractured and his body much bruised. Medical aid was procured as soon as practicable, and every attention given to relieve his suffering; but in vain. He languished in a state of stupor until Sunday evening, when his life ceased.

From the papers found in the posssession of the deceased, it appears that his name was *Joshua Fayle*, and it is supposed that he is a native of Ireland. He has been engaged for some years as a mercantile clerk. Among the papers are letters of introduction from James Wilson, C. W. Grazzam and Samuel N. Bonsall, of Cincinnatti, and from Watson and Gibson of Nashville, all recommending him for his good character and qualifications.

The papers, clothing, &c. of the deceased are in the care of Mr. John Cophart at the foot of plane No. 1.

On Monday last, *Mr. Michael Gillan*, of Summerhill township, in this county, was sitting on the front part of a train of cars, in company with Messrs. John Hammond, Thomas Pipes and —— Layton, the Captain of the cars. In the attempt to gain the centre post between the turn outs near plane No. 3. the train came in violent contact with another approaching from the opposite direction. As soon as the danger was perceived, all, except Mr. Gillan, leaped from the car He, not possessing equal presence of mind, continued in his seat. When the cars met, he was crushed between them and instantly killed. Mr. Gillan has left four small children to mourn the unfortunate death of the last of their parents, their mother having died only a few weeks since.

On the same day, a woman, said to be of the name of *Monahan*, was killed by a car passing over her at plane No. 10.

These distressing deaths, occurring in such rapid succession, are truly applying. Whether any negligence is imputable to the persons having superintendence of the planes and of the cars, we are unable to say, but certainly the greatest caution and care is necessary, not only by those having superintendence, but by all persons travelling on the rail road. Without this, there is great risk of property and life; with this, we believe there is but little danger.

Ebensburg Sky.

FROM THE NEW YORK COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER.

From the Colony of Liberia.

By the schooner Edgar, Captain Laulis, arrived yesterday from Montrovia, we learn the heart-rending intelligence that the Rev. S. O. Wright, Methodist Missionary, Rev. Matthew Laird and wife, and Rev. John Chud, Presbyterian Missionaries, have fallen victims to the fever of the coast, and are added to the martyrs who have perished in the cause of civilization and christianization. Governo Pinney was suffering from the chills, but actively engaged in his duties.

Rev. John Hersey, late Vice Agent of the Maryland Colonization Society, the Rev. James Temple, the only survivor of the little band of Presbyterian Missionaries, who left this port in October last, in the Jupiter, have returned in the Edgar. From the latter we learn that the Rev. Mr. Spaulding and wife, are probably now on their passage in the Argus, expected to leave Monrovia May 12th for Boston.—The health of the colonists generally, was good—no deaths have occurred among the emigrants who went out by the Jupiter, except the aged female and her grand-child before reported.

The condition of the colony has been truly represented by Gov. Pinney. There is a great want of economy and industry among the emigrants, many of whom were so utterly ignorant, and indolent, that nothing can be expected from such in any country, but poverty and wretchedness.

Mr. Jones, of Kentucky, a colored man, who has been on a tour of observation, has now returned for his family, with whom he designs to emigrate in a few months. He says, as does Mr. Temple likewise, that he has never seen a home, except in Liberia, and that any colored men who would go there, with a disposition to work, and live temperately, might have health, comfort and freedom, such as is no where to be found in this country. Accordingly, they intend to return as soon as possible.

All the information we have from the colony, represents the pride, extravagance and luxury of those settlers who have been prosperous in trade there, as highly reprehensible. Almost every family has a number of natives employed as mental servants; and even among the families of emancipated slaves, who have been sent there, though themselves entirely dependent for their support, yet they are too lazy even to bring water, and declare themselves free, and employ natives as their servants.

We have received a file of the "Liberia Herald," from which we shall make copious extracts. They will furnish an antidote to the multiplied misrepresentations of the state of the colony, which its enemies have industriously propagated.

Extract of a letter from the Rev. Mr. Pinney, Governor of the Colony of Liberia, dated May 10, 1834—

Mr. Temple, the last of the band of Presbyterian Missionaries who landed in Africa the first of January last, to try its perils, will hand you this note, and will, I trust, do good while at home. He is desirous of Ordination, and expects to return very soon. If you can make use of his talents, as well as those of Mr. Jones, who also accompanies him, in a night meeting, at New York, it will be well. I gave him $5 to pay his passage to Philadelphia. If he needs more, I hope he will find friends. Mr. Jones is from Kentucky, an old acquaintance of yours. He can give you minute information concerning Brother Savage, and will prove, by his solid manner, valuable to colonization. The vessel sails in about two hours and time in short. Our losses do not dishearten me. I trust the Church will not be discouraged. God is about to try us, but I hope some good will be found, and faith which shall not tremble, though a thousand fall. The ends of the earth belong to Jesus, and his they shall be. I must bid you farewell. Adieu, till time is more plenty or less occupied.

Your sincere friend,
J. B. PINNEY.

FROM THE LIBERIA HERALD.

SCHOONER MARGARET MERCER.

The Agency schr. Margaret Mercer, after having undergone considerable repairs, will be despatched in a few days with a suitable cargo to the leward, for the purchase of rice and palm oil, and it is probable, she will stop at the new settlement about being located at Cape Palmas, by the Maryland Colonization Society.

BRIG ANNE AND EMIGRANT FOR CAPE PALMAS.—Dr. Hall, Agent of the Maryland Colonization Society, after having obtained upwards of 20 able bodied men here, well acclimated, left this port on the evening of 3d inst. It his intention to call at Grand Bassa, on his passage down. The emigrants all appeared in fine spirits, and we have no doubt whatever, of the ultimate success of the expedition, from repeated conversations which we have held with natives from that part of the coast, who all appeared much pleased with the idea of having American white men so near them, and they are pretty right in their wishes to have a settlement; as then, a value is attached to every article. They need not leave their houses for this place and Sierra Leone, for years, for the purposes of obtaining employment, as it could be had at home.

HOUSES FOR NEW EMIGRANTS.—Two extensive buildings, one of which is nearly completed, are now erecting in a pleasant part of our town, for the reception of new comers.

The Times are Bravely Altered.

The origin of this Irish expression is not generally known. There lived in by-gone times in the country of Conaught, in the Emerald Isle, one Teddy Delany, esquire, a gentleman of asy fortune—that is to say neither very great nor very small; and being an Irishman, he was, of course, something of a wit, but he became infected with the mania which existed in those days of emigration, and having disposed of his effects came to the right-angled city, where, not knowing the habits of the people, and believing, with many others who "imigrate til America," that it was so much a land of freedom that a man might do as he pleased, he was soon relieved from the burthen of his guineas, and was reduced to labor for his livelihood. Several years after his downfall, while honest Teddy was acting in the honest capacity of a bricklayer's assistant, a friend of his who had recently emigrated from the self-same good looking county of Conaught, and from the vicinity of Teddy's former mansion, met him in one of the streets of New York, and on recognizing his features, notwithstanding his tattered garments, saluted him with the customary "Good morning, Mr. Delany." Teddy, who was, at the moment laboring in his vocation eyed him as if ashamed of his condition, and then with true Irish naivette replied, "Och Misther O'Rourke, the times are bravely altered with me, ye see. When I was in Conaught, ye know, when the Reverend Father O'Bryan met me in the morning, and I was parading in my park, with my silk small clothes, and my nate morocco slippers on, it was "Good morning til ye, Mr. Delany, and how is your health of the morn; how is the companion of yer bosom, and the darling pledges of her mutual affection! But now, och! it's more brick and morther, you Irish blackguard! Och! the times have already altered, Misther O'Rourke."

PRICES OF LUMBER.

The following are the prices of the different kinds of Lumber for Sale in this borough, viz:

W. P. Panel Boards Pr. M.			$24,00
Do. do. First common " "	from 15,00	to	16,00
Do. do. Second com. " "	$10,00	to	11,00
Do. do. Cullings " "	$6,50	to	7,50
Plank one inch, same rate	"		"
First common yellow pine	$20,00	to	24,00
Second common do do	from $12,00	to	15,00
Shingles 30 inch	from $5,00	to	9,00
do. 2 ft.	from $3,00	to	5,00
Scantling white Pine	from $10,00	to	12,00
Do. Hemlock,	from $7,00	to	00,0
Cherry boards	from $15,00	to	25,00
Chair Plank, good,			20,00
Locust post finished, pr. 100	from $31	to	40,00
Do do rough " "	from $12	to	25,00
Hogshead Staves pr. m. "	from $20	to	25,00
Barrel do " "	from $7	to	10,00
Sawed pine and Hemlock Rails pr. 100	from $7,	to	8,00

PRICES CURRENT.

	Marietta	Balt.	Phil.
FLOUR (wheat)	$4,50	5,12½	5,25
RYE FLOUR	300	3,50	3,50
Corn	50	100	62
WHEAT	95	1,12	1,12
RYE	55	66	66
OATS	25	31	30
CLOVERSEED	2,75	3,25	3,50
WHISKEY	20	23	22½
FLAXSEED	150	1,60	1,62
BUTTER	12	"	"
EGGS	8		"

ATTENTION!

DONEGAL RANGERS.

You are required to parade on the 4th of July next, at 8 o'clock, A. M. on the Market Square. An election will take place on that day for eight non-commissioned officers, a Secretary, Treasurer, and five members for a court of appeal for the ensuing year. By order,

J. T. ANDERSON, *O. S.*

June 26, 1834.

N. B. The court of appeal will be held at the house of Col. N. Latchem, on the evening of Saturday the 12th of July.

ATTENTION!

Pennsylvania Grays.

You will meet for parade at Market Square, on Friday the 4th of July, inst., at 7 o'clock, A. M. completely equipped, in white pantaloons. By order of the Captain,

S. S. RATHVON, *O. S.*

Marietta, June 26, 1834.

N. B. The election for non-commissioned officers will be held at 9 o'clock, A. M. at John J. Libhart's Hotel.

List of Letters

Remaining in the Post Office, at Marietta, Lancaster county, Pa. July 1, 1834.

A
Allen Collin.
B
Bare A. Mary, Bowman John.
C
Cash Jane Mary, Carr Henry, Campbell A. Soloman, or Dagget Levi, Colick Daniel, Clark S. Uriah, Curtis Daniel.
E
Edward S. Thomas, Ealy Michael, Erwin Nusan.
F
French James, Forster Jno. 3, Fahon A. Hermon, Funck Jacob, Funston Nicholas, 2.
G
Gries Jno. Goshen Isaac, Gamber Jon. Groff Henry, Gantz Maria.
H
Heistand Jacob, 5. Holinger Margaret, Hartsler Jacob, Houts Nancy, Harkins Dennis, Hamlin Alexander, Hogentobler Joseph, Heslet Wm.
J
Jones Cesar, Johnson H. Thos.
L
Lattin George, Luther Geo. Lutz Elizabeth, 2
M
Morse Whitney, Marland Whitney, Mayers Wm.
N
Nicholas Henry.
R
Rush Joseph, Rogers Jno. Ramsey Wm. Ralston Harriet.
S
Snowden S. Joseph, Mrs. Susan, Schler Abr. Sultzbach Henry, 2. Sutherland Agnes, 2. Stewart Wm. Shaffer Elizabeth.
T
Thompson Sarah.
W
Warner Gellis, Whittse Jno. 2. Cornell, Waters B. Samuel.
Y
Yale C. Enos.

J. GLATZ, P. M.

Marietta, July 3, 1834.

POETRY.

FROM THE COURT MAGAZINE.

Summer Song.

By Mrs. Hemans.

IV.—O, YE HOURS!

O ye hours, ye sunny hours!
Floating lightly-by,
Are ye come with birds and flowers,
Odours and blue sky!

Yes, we come, again we come,
Through the wood-paths free;
Bringing many a wanderer home,
With the bird and bee.

O ye hours, ye sunny hours!
Are ye wafting song?
Doth mild music stream in showers
All the groves among?

Yes, the nightingale is there,
While the starlight reigns,
Making young leaves and sweet air
Tremble with her strains.

O ye hours, ye sunny hours!
In your silent flow
Ye are mighty, mighty powers!
Bring ye bliss or wo!

Ask not this—oh! seek not this!
Yield your hearts awhile
To the soft wind's balmy kiss,
And the heaven's bright smile!

Throw not shades of anxious thought
O'er the glowing flowers!
We are come, with sunshine fraught,
Question not the hours

FROM THE UMTED SERVICE JOURNAL.

The Beacon-Light.

By Miss Pardoe.

Darkness was deep'ning o'er the seas
And still the hulk drove on;
No sail to answer to the breeze,
Her masts and cordage gone:
Gloomy and drear her course of fear,
Each look'd but for a grave,
When full in sight, the beacon-light
Came streaming o'er the wave!

Ther wildly rose the gladd'ning shout
Of all that hardy crew—
Boldly they put the helm about,
And through the surf they flew;
Storm was forgot, toil heeded not,
And loud the cheer they gave,
As full in sight, the beacon-light
Came streaming o'er the wave!

And gaily oft the tale they told,
When they were safe on shore,
How hearts had sunk, and hope grown cold,
Amid the billows roar;
That not a star had shone afar,
By its pale beam to save,
When full in sight, the beacon-light
Came streaming o'er the wave!

FROM THE PARLOUR JOURNAL.

Farewell to Thee.

By J. Harold Halsenbeck.

The breeze is up,
The sail is spread,
The vessel cleaves
Its wat'ry bed.
Henceforth I rove
The trackless sea;
Farewell my love!—
Farewell, to thee!

Thy guiltless breast
Hast brought me sorrow,
But yet shall dawn
A bright to-morrow.
And from my heart
My song shall be,
Ere yet we part,
Farewell to thee!

Our love was young;
Mine eye was bright;
For sorrow soon
Was set in night.
But I am thine,
And thou to me
Art all;—and yet
Farewell to thee!

Farewell!—farewell!
Perchance for years;
But yet dispel
Thy fruitless tears.
My soul is bid—
Thou'rt life to me—
E'en while I bid
Farewell to thee!

The breeze is up,
The sail is spread,
The vessel cleaves
Its wat'ry bed.
Around—above
Are sky and sea;
Farewell my love!—
Farewell to thee!

A MERRY LIFE.—An impudent ridiculous fellow being laughed at by all that came in his company, told some of his acquaintance, that he had the happy quality of laughing at all those who laughed at him. "Then," said one of them, "you lead the merriest life of any man in the world."

MUSICAL TUITION.

JOHN P. WIND,

Professor of Music, begs leave to inform the citizens of Marietta and its vicinity, that he will give instructions on the

Piano Forte, German Flute, Flagolet & Kent Bugle.

TERMS.—Eight dollars per quarter, for Piano Forte. Six dollars Flute or Flagolet. Ten dollars per quarter, Kent Bugle.

REFERENCES:—John H. Withers, John J. Libhart.

N. B. MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS and all the latest and most fashionable Music, can be had all times, at the Store of John H. Goodman, Market Street.

Marietta, June 19, 1834.

Stray Cow.

Came to the Plantation on which the subscriber resides, in East Dongall township, on Friday the 13th of June, 1834, A BRINDLE COLORED COW, with the ear mark.

The owner is desired to come forward prove his property, pay charges and take her away, otherwise she will be disposed of according to law.

PETER HARTMAN.

June 19, 1834.

Pine Grove Coal.

Just received a quantity of first quality PINE GROVE COAL; coarse and fine; all of which will be sold cheap.

J. GROSH.

Marietta, June 12, 1834.

P. S. The FINE is for Lime burners, and will be sold at $3 00 per ton, or a trifle over ten cents per bushel. J. G.

Removal.

ASHBEL GREEN, JR.

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

COLUMBIA, PA.

Has removed his office, to his residence in Second, between Locust and Walnut Streets.

A. G. Jr. will attend at Marietta on every Thursday, for the transaction of business, and may be found at Libhart's Hotel.

Columbia, June 12, 1834.

Second year of

PARLEYS MAGAZINE.

The unexampled success of this juvenile Work, which now circulates into every state and territory of the Union, has encouraged the publishers to renewed exertions in making it all that judicious Parents could reasonably expect for the amusement and instruction of Youth.

It is important to remark, that this Magazine has become a great favorite in Schools, and that judicious Parents and Teachers have discovered that its interesting matter, its spirited and appropriate engravings, its entire novelty, added to the circumstance of its coming every fortnight fresh from the Press, in convenient and beautiful numbers, have all conspired to render it unusually attractive to young readers. It is read with avidity and pleasure; and the object of school education, so far as it relates to reading understandingly, acquiring at the same time valuable portions of knowledge, and an enduring taste for reading, is better accomplished by this interesting periodical, than by any means hitherto attempted.

There are now schools in every part of the country that take some twenty, some thirty, some forty, and some as many as sixty copies of this Magazine; and the Teachers, one and all, recommend its use and importance in the most unequivocal manner, and are exerting themselves to increase its circulation.

To such as are yet unacquainted with Parley's Magazine, we would state some of the interesting topics that it presents.

I. NATURAL HISTORY—Of beasts, birds, fishes, reptiles, insects; plants, flowers, trees; the human frame, &c.

II. BIOGRAPHY—Especially of the Young.

III. GEOGRAPHY—Accounts of places, manners, customs, &c.

IV. TRAVELS AND VOYAGES, in various parts of the world.

V. Lively descriptions of the Curiosities of *Nature and Art*,—in each of the U. States, and in other countries.

VI. LESSONS on Objects that daily surround Children in the Parlor, Nursery, Garden, &c.

Accounts of Trades and Employments.

VII. PARTICULAR DUTIES of the Young—to Parents, Teachers, Brothers, Sisters, &c.

VIII. Bible Lessons and Stories.

IX. NARRATIVES—Such as are well authenticated; Original Tales.

X. PARABLES, FABLES, and PROVERBS, where the moral is obvious and excellent.

XI. POETRY—Adapted to the youthful capacity and feelings.

XII. INTELLIGENCE—Embracing Accounts of Juvenile Books, Societies, and Remarkable Occurrences.

Many of the above Subjects are illustrated by numerous and beautiful Engravings, prepared by the best Artists and selected not only with a view to *adorn* the work, but to improve the Taste, cultivate the Mind, and raise the affections of the young to appropriate and worthy Objects. We would make them better children, better brothers, better sisters, better pupils, better associates, and, in the end, better citizens.

This Magazine comes out every other Saturday, and is sent to any part of the United States, by mail. Price, $1 a year, in advance. Six copies for $5; 20 copies for $15; or 25 quarterly parts for $5. Postage three quarters of a cent, if under 100 miles, one cent and a quarter only, for the greatest distance.

LILLY, WAIT, & CO.,
Publishers, 121, *Washington St.* Boston.

Subscriptions received at this office.

Dissolution of Partnership.

The partnership heretofore existing between FORSTER and LAW, Merchants, Marietta, was on the 9th inst. dissolved by mutual consent. All those indebted to said firm, are requested to make payment to Mehaffey and Law, who are authorised to recieve the same, and those having claims against said firm, are requested to present them for payment.

JOHN E. FORSTER,
JAMES S. LAW.

Marietta, May 15, 1834.

We the subscribers respectively inform our friends and the public generally, that we have purchased the establishment formerly owned by "FORSTER and LAW," of Marietta, and we expect in a few days to receive and keep constantly on hand a splendid assortment of goods, and the business will in future be conducted under the firm of Mehaffey and Law.

JAMES MEHAFFEY,
JAMES S. LAW.

Marietta, May 15, 1834.

The People's Magazine.

The first volume of the PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE, which is just completed, was commenced as an experiment. The unqualified approbation it has every where received, and the large list of subscribers it has already obtained, induce the Publishers to continue their efforts to make the work what they intended from the first—a permanent *family magazine*,—one, too, which shall be still more worthy of the high character it sustains. In pursuance of this determination, they will withhold no pains or expense. They have already secured such aid in the editorial department, as they deem necessary to the accomplishment of their purpose.

The great object of the *People's Magazine*, then, is to convey *useful instruction*, in plain and familiar, but chaste language, and in the *cheapest possible form*, to every cottage and fireside in the land. There are few families, to be found, who cannot afford to spend one dollar a year, for a visiter, twice a month, which shall give them valuable information and advice, on subject connected with their usefulness and happiness—which, while it shall not fail to *interest* and *amuse*, shall have still higher and nobler purposes in view—the improvement of the *mind*, and the cultivation of the *heart*.

Natural History will continue to receive, as it deserves, a considerable share of our attention. This science embraces many more topics than at first view might be supposed. Whatever relates to the character, nature, or internal structure, of *men*, *animals*, and *things*, is properly a subject of natural history.

But we shall not confine ourselves wholly to the animal, the vegetable and the mineral kingdoms of *nature*. We shall launch out, often, into *history*, *arts*, *manufactures*, &c. The pages of history are full of instruction. *Biography* will also be deemed an appropriate subject. In short, nothing which is calculated to benefit the minds and hearts of our readers, will be intentionally excluded.

We do not expect, in a semi-monthly magazine, to present all the important intelligence of the day, but only such as may be deemed of permanent value, as a matter of record. Even this will sometimes appear late. But delay has its advantages. Much mischief has been done, and many unnecessary pangs inflicted, by an unjudicious eagerness to circulate early intelligence. Every one will recollect instances, where the public press has in this way widely circulated false statements. These evils the People's Magazine will endeavor to avoid.

Engravings of a superior character will continue to be furnished; but while we labor, in this way, to render the work attractive, we intend much more. We believe the good engravings may be made to do something more than to amuse, or even illustrate. We believe they may be made to cultivate the mind, chasten the imagination, develope taste, and benefit the heart. Shall the teachers of vice find engravings an important aid in accomplishing—unworthy ends in vitiating the taste and imagination—and shall the teachers of virtue neglect to turn them to a good account, in the *promotion of human happiness?*

TERMS.—*Published every other Saturday, at* ONE DOLLAR *a year*, in advance. Six copies for five dollars.

The postage of this Magazine is three quarters of a cent for 100 miles, and one cent and a quarter only for the greatest distance. By special decision of the Post-master General.

Removal.

P. J. GORNER

Respectfully informs the citizens of the Borough of Marietta and the public in general that he has removed his

Chair Manufactory

to the new building lately built by James Steele, in the Market Square, next door to J. J. Libhart's Eagle Hotel, where he has on hand a general assortment of finished

Windsor Chairs, Settees, &c.

all of which he will dispose of on reasonable terms for *cash*.

Marietta, April 17, 1834.

Dissolution of Partnership.

The partnership heretofore existing between ESTERLE and CAROTHERS, Clock and Watch makers, Marietta, was dissolved on the first day of January last, by mutual consent.—Those having claims against said firm are requested to present them to G. K. Carothers for payment, and those indebted will please make payment to him.

JOHN ESTERLE.
G. K. CAROTHERS.

Marietta, February 22, 1834.

The subscriber informs his friends and the public that he has removed to the house lately occupied by J. Graybill, Esq. where he will continue the business of

Watch and Clock Making,

in its various branches. An assortment of *JEWELRY, WATCHES AND TIME-PIECES* will be constantly kept on hand.

GEORGE K. CAROTHERS.

Marietta, April 17, 1834.

Job Printing

EXECUTED AT THIS OFFICE.

Valuable Property

For Sale.

The Subscriber offers at Private Sale, th large and commodious

Brick Dwelling House,

AND LOT OF GROUND,

n the Borough of Marietta, now occupied by him as a Store and dwelling house. The property is situated on the South East corner of Market Square, very advantageous for doing public business, the Lot is under the best improvement, being supplied with a well of never failing water, a good cistern at the back door, good stabling, and all kinds of fall and summer fruit. Also, an adjoining

House and Lot of Ground,

in the Market Square.

Persons wishing to view the above described property, are requested to call on

JAMES STEEL.

Marietta, Feb. 6th, 1834.

LIBHART'S HOTEL

and Stage Office,

Corner of Gay & Front Streets, Marietta.

THE Subscriber returns his thanks to a generous public for the favors he has hitherto received, and respectfully announces to his customers and others, that he still continues to occupy that well known stand—the house has lately undergone considerable repairs, improvements and alterations, so as to render it more completely a home for the traveller.

The house is spacious and contains twenty-four rooms, two of which are private Parlors, and fitted up in good style for the accommodation of private parties. The above establishment enjoys one of the most advantageous situations in the place, being located in the centre of business, and commands a fine prospect of the river and its scenery.

The subscriber intends devoting his unremitted personal exertions in conducting the above establishment, and hopes by this assiduity and attention to merit that patronage so liberally extended to him heretofore, and for which he hereby makes his most grateful acknowledgements.

B. LIBHART.

Feb. 7, 1833.

James Noble,

Auctioneer and Vendue Crier

Offers his services to the people both in TOWN AND COUNTRY, and would be thankful for a share of public patronage.

References as to capability, enquire of
BENJAMIN LIBHART,
RIEB & LIBHART,
DAVID WALKER.

Marietta November 30, 1833.

C. Inhofe.

Respectfully informs his friends and the public generally that he has removed directly opposite to his former stand and a few doors below John Clements tavern, where in addition to his former stock he has received a fresh supply of

Groceries, Liquors, and Confectionary,

with various other articles in his line all o which will be sold low for cash.

Marietta, April 10, 1834.

Office of the Susquehanna Bridge and Bank Company,

BALTIMORE, February 23d, 1833.

THE President and directors of this Company have adopted the following rates of interest to be allowed on Deposites of money at this Office, viz:—

On Deposites payable *Ninety* days after demand.	5 pr. cent per annum
On Deposites payable *Thirty* days after demand,	4 per ct. per annum
On current Deposites, subject to be checked for at the pleasure of the Deposites, ☞ to such persons as may request it.	3 per cent per annum
On weekly Deposites, which may be withdrawn on the first day of January or first day of July in each year, at which periods the Interest on said Deposites will be payable.	5 per cent

Certificates are issued for all *special* Deposites.

Collections are made on most of the principal towns, where Banks are located, in the several states.

Discount days *Wednesdays* and *Saturdays*.

On Saturdays the Office is open for business until 5 o'clock in the afternoon. By order,

W. E. COALE, CASHIER

March 14 1833.

Rathvon and McClellan,

Tailors,

Respectfully make known to the citizens of Marietta, and vicinity, that they have entered into co-partnership in the above business, under the firm of "RATHVON and McCLELLAN," in the lower room of the building occupied by Joseph Bucher, in Market Street, Marietta, nearly opposite J. H. Goodman's, and a few doors west of D. Ferree's store. Those who may have confidence, and favour them with their patronage, may rely on having work done expeditiously, and in the most

Durable and Fashionable Style,

as arrangements have been made to receive, as early as possible, the latest and most approved fashions.

S. S. RATHVON, from several months recent experience in Philadelphia, flatters himself that they will be enabled to give general satisfaction.

S. S. RATHVON, would also beg leave to tender his greatful acknowledgments to the public for their liberal encouragement bestowed upon him when formerly in business, and solicits a continuance of that liberality to the firm.

NOTICE.

Wanted on loan for a term of years, by the Corporation of Marietta,

$700.

Proposals received by
S. D. MILLER, Chief Burgess.

Marietta, April 17, 1834.

LUMBER Yard.

In the Eastern part of Marietta

J. GROSH.

GRATEFUL for past favors, informs his old customers, and a generous public, that he still conthues to keep on hand and at his old stand, LUMBER of every description, among which are.

White and Yellow Pine Boards

and Plank, 30 and 24 inch Shingles, Joists Rafters and Scantling from 10 to 40 feet long and from 3 by 4 to 7 by 8 inches thick.

Hewed Timber,

of several lengths and sizes. Ready made and rough Locust Post, Pine and Hemlock Rails, Hogshead and Barrel Staves.

Also STONE COAL, of the best quality by the ton. All of which he is determined to sell low for CASH, or approved short credits.

Marietta, July 18, 1833.

Lumber YARD.

THE SUBSCRIBER respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has in addition to his former stock of lumber a large assortment of long timber, Joist, Scantling, and Rafters. Timber from 10 to 50 feet in length, Joist from 10 to 22 feet, scantling from 10 to 24 feet, Rafters from 10 to 27 feet, all of which he offers for sale at the current prices—between two and three hundred thousand Shingles at a reduced price.

JAMES MEHAFFEY.

Marietta, Jan. 31, 1833.

A. M. Beatty,

AUCTIONEER and VENDUE CRIER.

Respectfully informs the people generally both in Town and Country, that he continues to attend to the above business and may be found by inquiring of *Samuel McKinney* in Front Street Marietta.

Referencenees as to capacity enquire of
WILLIAM CHILD,
SAMUEL HOPKINS.
JOHN H. GOODMAN,

October 12, 1833.

COFFEE HOUSE HOTEL.

No. 38, SOUTH STREET, BALTIMORE.

THE SUBSCRIBER thankful for the encouragement that he has received, from his friends and the public since he commenced the above establishment, respectfully informs them that he still continues at the same place, and hopes by his attention to the comforts of his Guests to merit a share of their patronage.

JOHN S. BAKER.

March 7, 1833.

GOODS

selling off at first cost for cash.

The subscribers having determined to close their business in this place as soon as possible, would call the attention of the public to their EXTENSIVE assortment of MERCHANDIZE which they are now offering for sale at first cost. C. HERTZLER & WILSON.

Marietta Sept. 5th, 1833.

Notice.

ALL persons in any way indebted to the subscribers are hereby respectfully notified to come forward and discharge their respective accounts immediately, or abide with the consequences. ALSO persons having claims against the firm are requested to present them for settlement.

HERTZLER & WILSON.

Sept. 5. 1833.

Dissolution of Partnership.

The co-partnership in the Hatting business, heretofore conducted under the firm of "BARR and CASSEL," of Marietta, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. Those having claims against the firm are requested to present their accounts for payment to A. N. Cassel, and all those indebted to the firm are required to make payment to said Cassel, who is authorized to receive all outstanding debts due the firm.

JOHN BARR,
A. N. CASSEL.

Marietta, January 4th, 1834.

A. N. CASSEL,

Respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has taken, and will continue the Hatting establishment heretofore conducted under the firm of Barr and Cassel.

January 4, 1834.

HARDWARE,

Drugs, Paints, Oils and DYE STUFFS.

The subscriber still continues to keep, and has on hand a good supply of

DRUGS, PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, DYE STUFFS, AND SHOP FURNITURE,

which he offers on the best terms to those who will favor him with their custom.—Also, a general supply of

PATENT MEDICINES,
GROUND SPICES
Mahogony Venires,
Swaim's Celebrated Panacea,

for the cure of Scrofula or King's Evil, Mercurial diseases, Rheumatism and all disorders arising from a bad state of the blood; this medicine has been recommended by the best Physicians of Philadelphia. All orders will be thankfully received and particular pains taken that no accidents or mistakes may occur. A liberal discount will be allowed to Physicians and wholesale dealers.

J. T. ANDERSON,

Marietta, Jan. 23, 1834.